



# Fripp



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## Chapter 1 by Story Wars

### Scene 1:

Fripp is sitting back on his chair reading the newspaper as some customers browse through his stock of musical instruments. A middle aged well to do lady walks to the counter with small child in tow.

Middle aged lady: Excuse me sir

Fripp casually looks up towards the face of the lady, and down to the fingertips just clutching the edge of the counter.

Fripp: yes madam may I be of any assistance. (Expressed in a form of pleasant annoyance after being interrupted in his reading).

Middle aged lady: My son wishes to try that electric organ over in the corner.

Fripp slowly tilts his head to the side and asks: Which corner may you be referring too, East – North or the one on the display cabinet?

The middle aged lady moves her hand to strike, but the child interrupts and points to the electric organ.

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Fripp grudgingly removes himself from the chair and walks towards the organ. He picks up the cable to plug it in but there is no plug, so he places the bare wires into the socket holes & fixes them in with matches from his pocket.

Fripp turns towards the little child and says: There you go sunny, while scuffing his hair walking away.

He walks back behind the counter to his chair and newspaper.

The little child is a prodigy and starts playing a Bach organ concerto. Fripp looks up in disgust and turns the radio on at full volume.

A news article is being read on the radio.

The news reader: Today South Korea made claims that North Korea held a test fire of a mid-range missile, what would be capable of carrying two warheads, and posed a threat to its national security and financially backed American Sovereignty. North Korea flatly denies any form of weapons testing, and reassures South Korea that it was nothing more than a Peoples collective firework in celebration for the reincarnation of its former president, and that the people of South Korea were welcome, but the invitations must have got lost in the post.

The middle aged lady glares, grabs the hand of the child and drags him out of the shop murmuring. Tony enters as middle aged lady exits with child.

Tony looks back then at Fripp and says: Another happy customer I see? Fripp turns the radio off.

Fripp: I try my best to facilitate too the musical needs of the community, but it just gets on my tits when a pair of short trousers can patronize you just by opening the piano lid. Anyway, what are you doing here so early?

Tony: I nipped in to see if you had another high-hat for Poppy. The last one started warping under the church hall lighting during band practice. I think that stuff you got from North Korea

may be a bit dodgy?

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Fripp: The factory was closed to the public last time, and the shipping was free. He reaches across to main light dimmer. When glowing instruments dotted around the shop.

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Fripp: Take one from over their (pointing in direction while still reading) those are made in South Korea.

Tony: So were still on for this evening?

Fripp: Yep

Tony: What time?

Fripp: Probably in about a couple of hours depending on the skills of the medics?

Tony looks around and turns back to Fripp and says: what do you mean?

Fripp points over Tony's shoulder to an elderly man leaning on a metal walking frame with sparks flashing off it next to the electric organ. Tony follows the direction and both look down to see matchsticks on the floor.

Scene change.

## Chapter 2 by



Tony is sitting on is counter chair with just a few customers browsing. He is on the phone talk candidly about his visit to Italy. He is answering questions to the other on the other side.

Fripp: Yes the trip went well.

Listens

Fripp: Yes that is in order

Listens

Fripp: yes I left the packages there in his possession

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Fripp: Yes he said thank you & wished you the best for your operation.

The bell on the door rings and Tony walks in with a big grin on his face.

Tony: Hi man nice to see you again. Thought I'd come curse in since were just around the corner from each other.

Fripp: Look I'll get back to you later, and yes everything did go well as you instructed. He is just about to place the phone down on the receiver and then lifts it back up

Fripp: and all the best with the operation.

As he places the receiver down he mutters : Hope they don't cut into the wrong end and make you a mute.

Tony: Hey man hope I was not interrupting something?

Fripp: Yes you did, but it's too late, thus it does not matter anymore.

A spotty teenager walks up to the counter and asks: Have you got any Zildjin drum sticks?

Fripp: Yes we do

Spotty teenager: May I see them

Fripp reaches from under the counter a large pack of sealed drum sticks

Spotty teenager: How much are they?

Fripp: 45.00 pound a pack of 8

Spotty teenager: You what? There not Zildjin?

Fripp: No there not, but they are the latest in professional drummers wet dreams. Disposable

drum sticks. Made to be thrown into the audience at the end of a successful gig. Screaming tight T-Shirted groupies and the like. Drummers are quid's in with these. Phil Collins swears by them.

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Spotty teenager visualizes scenes of being smothered by wet haired women

Spotty teenager: Cool I'll have em

Tony: Way to go kiddo – take care with em, my drummer ended up divorced using those.

Spotty teenager: Wicked. He exchanges money and picks up the bag with a smug grin on his face, and exits towards the door. Just before exiting he turns around and asks : Ave you got disposable plectrums?

Frapp: Fresh out of them, but if you come by tomorrow I'll have some.

Spotty teenager: You're my main man. He walks out of the shop and the bell sounds behind him.

Tony watches the spotty teenage leave and shakes his head. He turns towards Frapp.

Tony: Kid's got potential – see a bit of myself there when I was his age.

Frapp looks up with a sarcastic grin of agreement

Tony: Tell ya man. The times I've walked past here and always thought it was a barbers shop.

Frapp: It was, but never got around to changing the frontage!

Quick visual of shop frontage showing a long red & white stripy pole suspended above the shop window, and an awning with Barber of Saville written on it. Beneath it on the window you just make out the faded words of Crotchets Music.

Tony has a hit of hesitation as if he is beating about the bush for something. He produces a cd with homemade cover, and places it on the counter right under the nose of Frapp

Tony: Thought I'd pop in being were neighbors as it were, and thought music store, music, musicians

The door of the shop opens and Poppi walks in.

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Tony: just thought he might like to hear our demo cd

Fripp looks at the homemade cover which depicts a typical brick wall with the band members trying to lean against it casually, looking something between prostitutes & drug dealers.

A quick scene of them trying to pose in front of a camera with self-timer.

Fripp turns to Tony and says

Fripp: Alternatively you came here under the guise of your cd, too see if it were possible to either get 1: cheap or perhaps musical instruments on loan, as yours are now probably being used to perform at parties held by Italian politicians for underage girls on remote Mediterranean islands.

2: Due to your present situation, off which Jonny your bass player, perhaps self-elected and acting manager / promoter, was the root of your current financial demise.. ie.. booking you an open air concert in Saint Peters square, directly under the balcony as the Incarnation of Christ himself albeit to say the Pope, was just about to perform outdoor mass to a devout congregation of Catholic's whom eventually turned angry. All of which has resulted in you approaching me in the hope that I the proprietor of this shop will in some way agree to be your manager/promoter and musical instrument lender.

Poppi gives Fripp a sweet smile that suggests that if he works hard enough that's anything is possible, apart from bodily fluid contact.

Tony: Man you're totally perceptive – did I not say this man was totally perceptive Poppi

Poppi: You sure did Tony – your intuition precedes your talent

Fripp: Prophetically spoken

Tony: So what do you say man? Us, the whole thing – skies the limit – infinity and beyond?

Fripp: To even consider this there has to be contracts & agreements. Plus, if Poppi could be able to help out here a few hours a week I could devote time to managing...

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Tony: Sure thing Fripp, why

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Quick flash of how not to exchange bodily fluids

Poppi: Would love too.

Tony: Yep infinity and f@#king beyond.

Fripp: Yes indeed.

Poppi looks around the shop and back too Fripp and cynically things wonderful. At which point the spotty teenager enters & approaches the counter with about 12 half naked lustful women trailing behind him.

Spotty teenager: Have got any more of those drumsticks please!

### Chapter 3 by Lauren



Promiscuity ensues with the lustful women, it's as if Victoria's Secret is having some kind of flash sale. They all bounce around in their shorty mic' short shorts, dancing, frolicking, giggling, their braless breasts jiggling under their white shirts. They all look like Playboy pinups as they prance around, the teenager is laughing as one of the girls starts tickling him, as he stands at the counter. Fripp hasn't had this much excitement in his life... well ever. He's been at the music shop for the past five years, partially through college, a job he had gotten from his Dad. And now with a college degree in Botany he had no idea what to f\*%ing do with his life. Now, college almost two years past, he still had no idea what to do.... Boobs.

Funny though, silly actually, even amongst it all, amongst the random frolicking sorority girls, the now embraced teenage boy hiding around the corner of the counter to hide his boner (he had an embarrassed I'm-a-teenage-boy-and-my-body-is-doing-things-against-my-command look on his face), Poppi still stood out. She stood like a shining beacon of hope for his pathetic excuse of a life. Her vibrant frizzy red hair framing a simple honest face, her lively green eyes flashing towards him. Maybe... just maybe? No bodily fluids. Jesus man, when the hell were you last laaaaaid? GOD!!!

"How would you like to get it?" Fripp says to David.

"Sure, how are we going to get it?" David asks, a spark of light and excitement in her eyes.

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Fripp stands up from behind the counter and walks around to her, completely ignoring Tony, "My Dad has a jet."

"Oh really?"

"Yup, he actually just got it washed and filled up. Do you have anything you'd like to bring?"

"Just you...," she mutters as she holds his hand as they walk towards the front door of the shop.

"Hey Fripp!" Tony yells from behind them, obviously feeling dejected by his friend, but then Fripp looks back just before exiting to see him dancing with one of the sorority girls. So it seemed as if he wouldn't mind if he left.

Just before stepping out into the Sun, Fripp gazes down into Poppi's eyes longingly, asking....

"Fripp? Heeeeello? Earth to Fripp? Uuuuummm... you're kind of freaking Poppi out, just saying."

The sound of Tony's voice resounds in his head, Fripp looks around him to see that he's still sitting in his chair behind the counter, and still staring at Poppi for only God knows how long.

Poppi looks at him and then down at the ground awkwardly, veeeery awkwardly. Suddenly there's a tightening in Fripp's chest, which only meant one thing.

He immediately stood up from his seat and ran around the corner of the counter to rather abruptly burst out of the front door of the building, no sorority girls in sight. His hands shook as he pulled a pack of Marble lights from his pocket and light one up. He put the cancer stick to his lips and took a deep long drag, a sobering drag, a drag that brought realization, clarity and a certain knowing. He had to get the hell out of here.

## Chapter 4 by



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Tony: Let's setup over there under that balcony

Tony. Look at those crowds waiting for us Tony.

Wow what an amazing f@#ing venue Tony. Even television cameras. Look a strange dude in a white robe and pointy hat is going to announce us in Tony. Ok let's start playing regardless of the fact the audience is looking angry.

Let's get arrested by the f@#cking Swiss Guard Tony, before the audience turn into a lynch mob. Hey I have a great idea Tony, let's sell all our equipment to pay the court fines, and the use of a hard of f@#cking hearing translator. O by the way, Merry F@#cking Christmas Tony!

Tony slumps down on a chair with his arm folded seething through his teeth. The man he's sitting next too is trying hard not to pay attention.

People are now boarding the aircraft. Tony is trying hard to explain to the boarding stewardess that he needs a smoking seat because of medical reasons.

Air stewardess: Non capisco, signore - si prega di prendere il tuo posto!!

Tony starts waving his arm around trying to get through to the non-English speaking stewardess. A person taps him on the shoulder and asks if he can be of assistance, but mainly through frustration of waiting. The man speaks Italian to the stewardess and allows her to reply. The man turns to Tony and explains that the aircraft is in fact non-smoking.

Tony starts mimicking Jonny again.

Tony: Hey Tony shall I book the flight tickets. I have a great idea let's travel with Anti-Smokers f@#cking Airways!

Tony marches down the aisle towards his seat number, and once again slumps down with his arms folded, seething through the teeth. The man who spoke Italian follows behind and slips through to the window seat next to him.

The aircraft hatch closes and the safety announcements begin. The announcer starts sneaking in South Korean.

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External view of aircraft, Tony and the man who spoke Italian, Anti-Smokers Airways

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Back on the flight Tony notices the man sitting next to him is reading a music magazine which he is really into.

Tony: Hey man do you mind if I can read that when you've finished.

Man half nods without really speaking.

Tony: Best mag for all the latest music gear, which at this juncture is something we now bloody lack due to brain sell promotions.

Tony stares at the man briefly and thrusts his hand out & introduces himself.

Tony: My names Tony man – heading back to Camden – Sicily to f@#king Camden, the world's your oyster man. He still keeps his hand extended to be shaken or worshiped.

The man reluctantly holds his hand out to shake. The names Fripp.

Tony: Any relation to King Crimson man?

Fripp: Not quite, but if there is I promise you'll be the last to know.

Tony: Cool man.

Tony pauses and is determined to get the magazine.

Tony: So you're in the music business Fripp?

Fripp continues to read his magazine & is aware of Tony's tactics

Fripp: Figuratively speaking yes

Tony holds a slightly puzzled expression at Fripps remark.

Tony: Fellow musician

Fripp: No

Tony: Music production?

Fripp: No

Tony sits with a concentrated look on his face as if a million pounds rests on his next answer.

Fripp waits with perfect timing, and just as Tony takes another guess Fripp says he has a music shop, just at the same time as Tony asking.

Tony: You're a promoter?

Fripp considers this for a moment before answering, and his hostility changes very briefly

Fripp: That is an area which I could possibly be branching out into

Tony reacts by getting excited as he asks Fripp if he is a promoter sitting next to him.

Fripp: I own a musical instrument shop in Camden

Tony: Wow man this is nice. Camden is the best. Camden is the best. Camden is the best. Camden is based in Camden.

Fripp: Really? I had no idea

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Fripp is now viewing outside of aircraft with the muttering of Tony. Fripp looks through the aircraft window where Jonny is sitting next to a 12 year old girl reading a comic.

Jonny: I tell you sister that man has more talent than the word itself. He is a star – he splits the atom of Inde and powers it with true energy.

The aircraft windows passes out of shot and fly's away into the distance along with the voice of Jonny. Just as aircraft vanishes into distance you hear the voice of Tony asking quite clearly... Finished with that magazine yet man?

#### Chapter 5 by 14kir93



He then

#### Chapter 6 by intellikat



decided to

#### Chapter 7 by Luke Meyers



end the story before

#### Chapter 8 by intellikat



it actually made any sense.

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